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Title: Celtic Poets

Author: editor Ian Gillian  
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I was a listener in  
the woods,  
I was a gazer at the  
stars,  
I was not blind where  
secrets were concerned,  
I was silent in a  
wilderness,  
I was talkative among  
many,  
I was mild in the  
mead-hall,  
I was stern in battle,  
I was gentle towards  
allies,  
I was a physician of  
the sick,  
I was weak towards  
the feeble,  
I was strong towards  
the powerful,  
I was not  
parsimonious lest I  
should be burdensome,  
I was not arrogant  
though I was wise,  
I was not given to  
vain promises though  
I was strong,  
I was not unsafe  
though I was swift,  
I did not deride the  
old though I was  
young,  
I was not boastful  
though I was a good  
fighter,  
I would not speak  
about any one in their  
absence,  
I would not reproach,  
but I would praise,  
I would not ask, but  
I would give.

Cormac Mac  
Cuileannain..... King  
and Poet of Cashel,

AD 836-908

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I would often tell you  
stories about how my  
life has been,  
Of the battles I have  
fought and the wars I  
could not win.  
All the roads I've  
traveled and places I  
have seen,  
The questions I have  
asked and the answers  
that I will receive.  
Sometimes I feel I've  
grown older and the  
songs I have sung,  
echo in the distance  
fading like the  
setting sun.  
Seems like I'll  
always be a soldier of  
fortune.  
I would come to you  
late at night and  
you'd keep me in your  
way.  
If you told me that  
you loved me then  
surely I would stay.  
For no matter where  
I wander or how I  
travel on the road.  
I will always be with  
you for my heart  
resides in your home.  
I feel I must be  
getting older and all  
the songs I once sung,  
echos in the distance  
like the midnight  
memory of the sun.  
I guess I'll always be  
a soldier of fortune.

And I hear on the  
wind the songs I had  
once sung,  
echoes in the distance  
like the battles I  
have won.  
No more will I be a  
soldier fortune.

M.James 1960 - ???  
If I were a carpenter,  
and you were a lady.

Would you marry me  
anyway?  
Would you have me  
baby?  
If a tinker were my  
trade, would you still  
find me?  
Carrying the pots I  
made - following  
behind me?  
Save my love through  
loneliness - save my  
love through sorrow.  
I give you my  
only-ness, give me  
your tomorrow.

If I worked my hands  
in the wood, would  
you still love me?  
Answer me babe, "yes  
I would - I'd put you  
above me."  
If a miller were my  
trade, at a mill wheel  
grinding.  
Would you miss your  
color box - your soft  
shoes shinning.  
Save my love through  
loneness - save my  
love through sorrow.  
I give you my  
only-ness - come give  
me your tomorrow.

If I were a carpenter,  
and you were a lady.  
Would you marry me  
anyway?  
Would you have my  
baby?

Robert Plant  
1950-???

I conceal not your  
fame, o Tuis.  
Great as an oak  
among kings,  
A pigskin is a  
reward without  
meanness,  
And this I claim in  
return for this poem.

A war may come when  
warriors clash,

A war may be averted  
by a gift,  
And he who gives  
without fear,  
Shall lose nothing.

A stormy army and  
tempestuous sea,  
Are weapons that no  
one would oppose,  
But a pigskin, a  
reward freely given,  
Is that which we  
claim.

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Small esteem of any  
spear with Píscar,  
His enemies are  
already broken,  
Píscar has little cause  
for worry,  
Since it is others  
who receive wounds.

The yew is the finest  
tree in the forest,  
The yew is king  
without opposition,  
May the great spear  
shafts drive on,  
Through the wounds  
of those they slay.

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Brian son of Tuirenn,  
chieftain of Ben  
Eadair AD 600 ?  
Clear light on a slick  
palm as I mis-deal  
the day,  
Slip the night from a  
shaved pack make a  
marked card play.  
Call twilight hours  
down from a heaven  
home.  
High above the  
highest bidder for the  
good Lord's throne.  
In the wee hours I'll  
meet you down by Dun  
Ringill.  
oh, and we'll watch  
the old gods play by  
Dun Ringill.

We'll wait in stone  
circles 'til the force  
comes through.

Lines joints in faint  
discord and the  
stormwatch brews.  
A concert of kings as  
the white sea snaps,  
at the heels of a soft  
prayer whispered.  
In the wee hours I'll  
meet you down by Dun  
Ringill.  
oh, and I'll take you  
quickly by Dun  
Ringill.

Ian Anderson 1949 -  
???  
Sad our hearts break  
for Lir,  
red eyes searching the  
world for us,  
hopeful in seeking  
shadows in forests, on  
mountains,  
seeking forms, in  
skies and on land.

Seeking his lost  
children torn from his  
bosom,  
Now in swan-form  
swimming, cold in  
waters of a foamy  
strange shore.

Bleak and cold is our  
home,  
Ice wet are our  
feathers---  
No comfort to us.  
Pain and sickness is  
our only guide,  
The pitiless sea is  
our constant  
companion,  
Grief, grief, is our  
only warmth,  
In the bleak heartless  
world which is ours.  
(The Children of  
Lir-- author  
unknown) AD 400 ?

I waited patiently for  
the Lord,

He inclined and heard  
my cry.  
He brought me up out  
of the pit,  
Out of the miry clay.

I will sing, sing a  
new song.  
How long to sing this  
song ?

He set my feet upon  
a rock,  
And made my  
footsteps firm.  
Many will see....  
Many will see and  
fear.  
I will sing, sing a  
new song,  
How long to sing this  
song?  
Bono of U2 1959-??

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Come to our rich and  
starry caves,  
Our home amid the  
ocean waves.  
Our coral caves are  
walled around,  
With richest gems in  
ocean found.  
And crystal mirrors,  
clear and bright,  
Reflecting all in  
magic light.